

BRYAN, THE RIVERSIDE SAGE.

ONLY ENGLISH SPEAKING FABULIST, COIN TO WILLIAM J.

Thinks Cousin William's Theories Are Wrong Besides Putting Soap's Nose as Much Out of Joint as His Back. Has Built the Biggest Barn in Ohio.

A tall, thin, handsome elderly gentleman who sat on a sofa of the Victoria Hotel yesterday, is a second cousin of William Jennings Bryan. He is John Bryan, rich farmer of Yellow Springs, Green county, Ohio. He is the man whose career in politics was ruined by a brass bedstead, and he is one of the American authors who will be remembered after death. He says so himself, basing the hope on his volume of "Fables and Essays," published ten years ago and since being ever since, ready to set the world at ease when the world gets sea-sick enough to catch.

"You have written a book of essays, have you not, sir?" asked THE SUN reporter—for it was he.

"Perhaps you did not catch my name?" responded Mr. Bryan. "I am John Bryan, known as the American Soap. There have been only four fable writers in the world. I am one of them—the only one who ever wrote in English."

"So, Lafontaine?" THE SUN reporter began to enumerate.

"No, sir. Not Lafontaine," said Mr. Bryan. "He merely took a soap and rendered him in French doctored, just as I will be rendered some day in the doctored of a language yet unborn. The other two were Orientals."

"I published my own work. I would not let it be sold for gain. I found it hard to circulate under those conditions. Book-keepers and distributing agencies demand gain. So I have given many copies away, and still retain several."

"Robert Hubbard loves my book. He told me that at an editorial dinner in Buffalo one of the editors said:

"Damn it! He's beaten us. He has written the only thing that is left to write! He hit the nail on the head! They all agreed to that. One said that he could write a better poetry, another that he could write a better essay. But none dared to say that he could write such fables. Of course they couldn't. A fable writer has been born every generation. And fable writing is the only writing there isn't enough of."

"Now I've written poetry pronounced perfect in metre and thought by the most competent judges. Some of it's in my book. I would have written more, but what the use when all the poetic ideas are used up? Fable ideas aren't all used up or weren't until I began to write."

"It takes a special brain to write fables and a special vocabulary. You can't build 'em up. You couldn't write a fable, young man. You might write something about animals which had a moral, but it wouldn't be a fable any more than that it would be poetry. My fables compare to me as poems do to poets. If I wait—they are gone. I had a fable come to me to-day when I was starving. I waited to finish—and I lost it. The idea was still there, but the diction had gone."

"I am preparing another book of fables. It deals unapologetically with social problems. It's stronger than the first, but less tender. I hope that first book ever could dip and find something for his needs—school-boys, statesmen, workmen, children, women. This will be a book for strong men."

"Then you might say something about my barn," went on Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan's barn is the biggest in the world, just as his farm is the biggest in the country. He was architect and builder himself. When he laid the cornerstone he laid the whole country, and 7,000 people as the dedicatory ceremonies. Architects said the barn would all in, but it stands after six years, a monument to Mr. Bryan's talent as an architect.

"And not a cent of insurance," he said. "I have never believed in insurance. Do you know, I think I must have been a pretty headstrong boy? For in my twenties I thought about getting insured, and I looked the insurance proposition over. I found that the companies were making lots of money, paying big salaries and putting up big buildings. And I said to myself:

"Why not be my own insurance company and keep the money?" That's been my plan ever since. And look how it came out. Oh, I tell you, a fable writer has got to be a sage. That's what they call me at home—the Sage of Riverside Farm."

Once Mr. Bryan thought of turning his sagacious statesmanship. But for a brass bed the country might have been blessed with two Bryans in politics.

One of his trips to New York four years ago Mr. Bryan bought a brass bed and took it to his Ohio homestead. Just after that he started his political career modestly by running for the school board. And just after that Mr. Bryan found that his former neighbors were growing cold toward him. The campaign was a frost. When they met him on the roads they averted their faces.

It was the night before election, when a party of neighbors called on him.

"Mr. Bryan," said the school board member, "isn't it true? We want it from your own mouth?"

"Is what true?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"That you have a gold bed?" Mr. Bryan took them through every room in the house. All through elegant and tasteful, was demonstrated simply, until they came to the brass bed.

"That's it!" said the spokesman.

"That's only brass," said Mr. Bryan.

"Would you mind," said one of the investigating committee, "sending for a little lawyer?"

Mr. Bryan sent the brass and the acid test was tried on the bed. The brass turned green, and the candidate was cleared of the charge of being a snook up.

But the rooster had done its work. The anti-Bryans said at the polls next day that it was bad enough to have a riotous gold bed in the house, but it was to have an imitation gold bed. His opponent, a German, carried the day by a majority of 2,000 out of a total vote of 96. "Don't know how they worked that out, seems to be an arithmetic impossibility."

"I would have stood no show, anyway," said Mr. Bryan. "I'm not religious enough for that do you see. Did I tell you what Bob Ingersoll wrote me about my fables?"

Mr. Ingersoll's remarks were complimentary.

"You might tell how I got around the ex-positors," continued Mr. Bryan of Ohio. "They invited me to address them in Cincinnati. I used to them."

"I'm rich. I used to be poor. I've tried both kinds, and I'd rather be rich. This overcoat cost me \$100. It's lined with silk. All my clothes are lined with silk. They're a great deal more comfortable than the clothes I used to wear when I was poor."

"Anybody can be rich if he's got the brains and industry. If he hasn't, he ought to reflect that it's his own fault, and be contented. I can get money from the average man as I'd take a toy from a child, because I've got more brains."

"They stopped me right there," continued Mr. Bryan. "It broke up the meeting. They have told me since that it nearly cost me my life. I don't agree with Cousin William's theories. Cousin William is a brilliant man, but I opposed him in both his campaigns because I thought he was wrong. My action has a great deal to do with carrying Ohio for the Republican party."

Copies of "Fables and Essays" by John Bryan of Ohio are becoming rare and valued.

In his preface Mr. Bryan calls attention to the fact that the book is not to be sold for gain, and that no fee was charged for the

A VENERABLE PASTOR CURED BY PE-RU-NA.

Pe-ru-na is a Catarrhal Tonic Especially Adapted to the Declining Powers of Old Age.

In old age the mucous membranes become thickened and partly lose their function.

This leads to partial loss of hearing, smell and taste, as well as digestive disturbances.

Peruna relieves these ailments by its efficient operation on all the mucous membranes of the body.



Strong and Vigorous at the Age of Eighty-eight.

Rev. J. N. Parker, Utica, N. Y., writes: "In June, 1901, I lost my sense of hearing entirely. My hearing had been somewhat impaired for several years, but not so much affected that I could hold converse with my friends, but in June

1901, my sense of hearing left me, so that I could hear no sound whatever.

I commenced taking Peruna, and now my hearing is restored as good as it was prior to June, 1901.

I cannot speak too highly of Peruna, and now, when 88 years old, can say it invigorated my whole system.

"I cannot but think, dear Doctor, that you must feel very thankful to the all-loving Father that you have been permitted to live, and by your skill be a blessing as you have been to suffering humanity."—Rev. J. N. Parker.

One bottle will convince anyone. Once used and Peruna becomes a life-long standard with old and young.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write to Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, who will be pleased to give you his valuable advice, gratis.

Ask Your Druggist For Free Peruna Almanac for 1906.

"Sermon on the Mount." He then goes on with fables.

On page 5, for example, there is the story of a still whom alone was going to bed. Further on is a fable of a being he wanted to inhabit, and after looking over a woman and her beautiful lover, he picked a jasper stone. When explained to Zeus that he had seen patience, meekness and kindness in the eyes of the ass, and those for which the ass had made him a god. And this is the moral: "The gods reward men for making jackasses of themselves."

Then there is the fable of the buzzards that watched the horse and ass fight and took no hand because their turn was coming, which points this moral: The infidels watching the struggles of the Protestants and Roman Catholics.

There is another about "The Genie and the Valley." It tells how the genie gathered things from people, taking bones and blood and hearing and eyesight and reason; and of bones and blood and hearing and eyesight he made a house; and the moral said: "What a beautiful house! The moral of this is so apparent that none is appended."

Mr. Bryan rests on page 200 or so for another preface. Then, after more fables, he bursts into song. For example:

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A PIECE OF CARP MADE BY HER OWN FAIR HANDS.

The cake was so fair, so rich and rare, So sweet, so delicious in flavor, That to judge it a trifle in truth, I might guess its goodness was caught from its maker.

On the next page but one appears an ode "to a lady who presented the author with a necktie." Further on is a lyric entitled "You Touched Me," whereof this is the last stanza:

Thou art my past, thou art my tree; I've left them all to cling to thee; Thy hand hath saved, thy touch set free; Thou art my sun, thou art my sea.

AMMON PLEADS FOR RELEASE.

Justice Howard at Troy Adjoins Hearing Until Monday in This City.

Troy, Dec. 16.—Col. Bob Ammon of Franklin's syndicate fame came before Justice Howard at Special Term to-day and pleaded for release from Sing Sing prison. He asked to be heard in his own behalf and declared that since March 29 he had been confined in prison under an illegal sentence. He said he had been sentenced under the law governing indeterminate sentences, but at the time he was first convicted of the crime this law was not on the statute books.

Ammon said he appealed to Justice Cochrane in the Supreme Court. The sentence, and the Court decided that he was right in his contention, and sent him back to be resentenced. This, however, had not been done, and Ammon thought it was about time he had his rights. He also said that he had come under the parole law and had been informed that the State Board would discharge him, providing he could get a certificate of good behavior.

"I have already served more time in prison than if I had received the maximum sentence," he concluded.

Justice Howard refused to entertain his plea, saying that District Attorney Jerome had sent a telegram that his office had not been served with the habeas corpus order to show cause. Ammon gibbered replied that he had served this notice on the District Attorney of Westchester county.

The Justice, however, ruled that the proceeding, District Attorney should have been notified, and adjourned the hearing until Monday at 10:30 A. M. before Part XI. In New York city, Ammon was told he could argue his own case. He was accompanied from the prison by his wife.

HURLEY SENT TO BELLEVUE.

Man Who Accused Women of Theft to Be Examined as to His Sanity.

Timothy Hurley, who is said to be one of the principal stockholders in the corporation owning Jack's restaurant on Sixth avenue, appeared in the West Side court yesterday against the two women whose arrest he caused on Friday night. The women called themselves Nina Gordon and Grace Lewis. They live on West Forty-sixth street. Hurley charged them with taking \$200 from him when he fell asleep during a visit that he made to them on Friday afternoon.

When the case was called Hurley withdrew his charge against the women, who were discharged. Champe Andrews, the lawyer, who is also said to be a director of Jack's, then brought forward Hurley's affidavit to the effect that he made an insane. Magistrate Breen committed Hurley to Bellevue for examination.

Hurley has been in the West Side court three times in the last two weeks. Each time he has accused some one of stealing from him. A case that is pending against a waiter for the alleged theft of a diamond pin was put over yesterday for a week.

Lawyer Andrews said that during the last two weeks Hurley had bought a barber shop, a fast house, for coals and sundry other expensive things for which he had no use.



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Sixth Avenue
20th to 21st Street

H.O'Neill & Co.

Sixth Avenue
20th to 21st Street

Store Open Evenings Until Xmas

For the benefit of those who cannot conveniently shop during the day.
Those who can, however, should shop in the morning.

Splendid Selections of Holiday Gifts in the following lines:

Jewelry, Silverware, Leather Goods, Perfumery, Art Goods, Bric-a-brac, Cut Glass, China, Stationery, Books, Calendars, Dolls, Lamps, Clocks, Art Embroideries, Burnt Wood, Odd Pieces of Artistic Furniture, Rugs, &c.

We Offer a Big Purchase of
Women's Furs and Fur Coats
For About Half Regular Prices.

(Third Floor.)

A most unusual offering a week before Xmas. Unseasonable weather decided a manufacturer to sacrifice and we purchased his entire stock at a big price concession. Just in time for those who wish to give presents that combine the handsome with the useful.

Some of these splendid specials are:

WOMEN'S BROADCLOTH LONG COATS—Lined with selected German Squirrel, shawl collar of natural or blended squirrel. Regular price \$45.00. Special Monday at \$29.00.

WOMEN'S LONG PALETOTS OF BROADCLOTH—Extra full, extra long, lined with finest Squirrel, deep shawl collars of black Lynx. Regular price \$85.00. Special Monday at \$49.00.

WOMEN'S PERSIAN LAMB BLOUSE COATS—Twenty-four inches long, best Leipzig dye. Regular price \$165.00. Special Monday at \$95.00.

Elegant Fur Sets.

BLACK LYNX SETS—Consisting of long Scarfs and very large pillow Muffs. Regular price \$65.00. Special Monday at \$39.00.

MINK SETS—Long Scarfs and large Muff. Regular price \$65.00. Special for Monday \$42.50.

SABLE OR NATURAL SQUIRREL SETS—Large Scarf and flat Muff. Regular price \$25.00. Special Monday at \$14.50.

ALASKA SABLE SETS—Large flat Scarf and flat Muff. Regular price \$29.00. Special Monday at \$17.50.

SABLE FOX SETS—Large Scarf and Pillow Muff. Siberian grades. Regular price \$40.00. Special Monday at \$22.50.

Ermine—Chinchilla—Persian Lamb—and Marten Sets—Specially Priced for this sale.

Sacques, Lounging Robes
Kimonos and Shawls
(Third Floor.)

Splendid assortments to select from—whether for your own use or to give away at Christmas, you are certain to find what you want here.

GERMAN FLANNEL SACQUES and KIMONOS—Floral and Oriental designs, also stripes. Value \$1.48, at 98c.

LIDEADOWN SACQUES—Collar, sleeves and around Sacques finished with fancy stitching, front fastened with frogs and buttons. In red, gray and light blue. Value \$1.65, at 98c.

RIPPLED LIDEADOWN SACQUES—Fitted back, sailor collar, trimmed with satin, sleeves and pockets trimmed to match. Value \$2.75, at \$1.50.

ALL-WOOL LIDEADOWN BATH ROBES—Red, gray and light blue. Value \$3.75, at \$2.98.

Special Item for Monday's Selling
ALL WOOL RIFPLE LIDEADOWN BATH ROBES—made extra full, deep collar, kimono sleeves, embroidered in black braid, eyelet effect, front fastened with two frogs, girdle at waist. Value \$2.75, at \$4.95.

Special
IMPORTED SILK SHAWLS—Forty-two inches square, in black or white. Value \$3.75, at \$2.98.

Holiday Gifts for Men
(Third Floor.)

Men's Smoking or House Coats
In Velvets, in black, blue and brown \$7.98 to \$21.98
In silk figured 13.